

THE
POETRY
OF
THE WORLD.

VOL. II.

The gather'd Sweets of every Hive!

ANON.



LONDON:

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M DCC LXXXVIII.



THE
POETRY
OF
THE WORLD.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING THE POEMS OF

ARLEY,
BENEDICT,
EDWIN,
THE BARD,
ANCIENT MUSIC,

THE LAMENTATION
PARLIAMENTARY;
A BATH EASTON
ECLOGUE,
LADY T-RC—L'S RING,

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. BELL, BOOKSELLER TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

1788.



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STATEMENT

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STANZAS

ON FRIENDSHIP.

O, FRIENDSHIP ! source of every good !
How seldom art thou understood ;
How oft for interest, or for fame,
We prostitute thy sacred name.

'Tis not Ambition's pageant hour,
The proud parade of empty pow'r ;
'Tis not the Monarch's scepter'd hand,
Thy faithful service can command:

The heartfelt joy, the social sigh,
No power can force, no wealth can buy,
Nor pride, nor avarice e'er can know,
Exalted Friendship's fervent glow.

Vol II.

A

When haughty great-ones condescend,
To patronize the humble friend,
Who every feeling must resign——
The servile contract is not thine.

When venal age, in hopes of gain,
Would bind the mercenary chain ;
Each generous purpose there unknown,
The sordid motive thou'lt disown.

Nor pleas'd with Youth's unaw'd career,
Amid the gust of transient cheer ;
Where Folly forms the short-liv'd tye,
Wilt thou the slender cord supply.

Averse to Guile, tho' gilded o'er,
Thou shun'st the midnight loud uproar ;
And seeking Virtue's peaceful cell,
With calm Content delight'st to dwell.

Yet, should afflicted worth entreat,
Thou'lt fearless quit thy tranquil seat,
To pierce the dungeon's dreary gloom,
Or mourn at midnight round the tomb,

In life's unwelcome, cheerless hour,
When all around misfortunes lour ;
Thou'lt seek the Wanderer in distress,
And sharing sorrows, make them less.

When affluence crowns successful toil,
And Fate propitious wears a smile ;
Thy influence aids the sweet employ,
And gives a zest to every joy :

For what are all delights below,
Which Fortune, Honours, Fame bestow ;
Unless with these we strive to blend
The social solace of a friend ?

The flow of youth, the charms of Love,
But momentary transports prove ;
Friendship alone secures Content,
More placid, but more permanent.

ARLEY.

THE WORLD,
Jan. 5, 1787.

VERSES

TO A

YOUNG LADY AT BATH,

In whose Pocket-Book the AUTHOR had, at a very early Period of Life, written
some Lines.

IN earlier years, when *Anna's* face,
Could only boast an infant grace ;
When artless tresses deck'd her brow,
In many a wild untutor'd row ;
E'er yet upon her baby cheek,
The conscious blush had learn'd to speak ;
In that calm, unsuspecting day,
The Muse attun'd her willing lay ;
And sung of *Anna's* rip'ning charms,
When *Anna* could feel no alarms ;
That tranquil hour, unknown to Fear,
When I might say, and she might hear.—
The Hint transpir'd—and swift as thought,
The favour'd Pocket-Book was brought,

While kind advice, and caution sage,
 Stood pencil'd o'er the virgin page;
 Her little hands receiv'd the toy,
 And her young heart proclaim'd her joy.

Will *Anna* now, maturer grown,
 The sweets of infant years disown?
 And will she now unkind despise
 The song that once she deign'd to prize?
 No—*Anna*'s heart shall still approve
 The song that once she deign'd to love:
 Still shall the Muse her steps attend——
 Still will she prize her early friend.

And now, in Beauty's loveliest bloom,
 Though circled in the splendid room——
 While rival fops around her wait,
 With false applause, and senseless prate;
 And while the vaunts of *self* they hold——
 And while th' unmeaning tale is told;
Anna shall wish the folly o'er,
 Shall fly to Memory's valu'd store;
 There fondly trace her childish age,
 And call to mind the *virgin page*.

ARLEY.

THE WORLD,
 Jan. 9, 1787.

THE
COMPLAINT.

TO
LORD *****.

AND does my Friend, with kindly ray,
My humble verse regard ?
And does he prize the artless lay,
And does he prize the Bard ?

The Bard, who oft in Pleasure's bow'r,
Hath tun'd his early song ;
When Love led on the sportive hour,
And fir'd the youthful throng ?

And shall he now, in Reason's reign,
The well-known theme forego ?
And shall he not resume the strain ;
And must it cease to flow ?

Ah me ! the scenes of fond delight,
That wont to charm, are o'er;
And now no more, the Muse invite,
And wake the lyre no more :

For hard Suspicion's anger'd eye,
Deems all it sees unjust;
And jaundic'd Envy, low'ring by,
Supports the foul mistrust.

E'en *She*, whose breast with kindness glows,
That kindness doth suspend;
She too, the shaft of censure throws,
And points it at her friend;

That shaft, which hurl'd in open air,
When proud defiance calls,
With manly fortitude we bear,
Regardless where it falls;

That shaft, which veil'd in Friendship's band,
Inflicts severer smart,
Flies doubly fierce from Friendship's hand,
And deeper stabs the heart.

And yet forbid, my plaintive song,
Should seem too prompt to blame;
For Slander's sting hath found me long,
And long hath pierc'd my fame :

And many an idle tale hath run,
And much hath been believ'd
Of broken vows, and maids undone,
Abandon'd, and deceiv'd.

Peace to all such—yet here I swear,
And thou'lt the warmth excuse,
The garb which knaves and villains wear,
Thro' life I've scorn'd to use:

Tho' Love, with all its soft pursuits,
Hath claim'd my yielding hours;
Tho' oft I've cull'd its fairest fruits,
And pluckt its choicest flow'rs—

Those flow'rs, those fruits, were nobly won,
Not fraudulently stole,
Love taught me how the race to run,
But Truth secur'd the goal.

Then deem not hard, that now the Muse
Laments her fav'rite strain;
That thus she ventures to accuse;
Accusing, to complain:

For much she joy'd, the nymphs among,
To waste the frolic day;
To form for them the grateful song,
And carol time away.

But now no more the heaving sigh,
Shall force the tear to start;
But now no more the glist'ning eye,
Shall speak the soften'd heart:

The tender scenes of earlier years,
To harsher views shall yield;
And Pride, her pageant sceptre rears,
And Av'rice takes the field:—

These shall the sterner mind possess,
To no past maxims true;
Cold to them all, my Lord, unless
To Friendship, and to you.

ARLEY.

THE WORLD,
Jan. 16, 1787.

ODE

To *****.

PRAISE to the men who boldly dare,
Their undissembled thoughts declare ;
Who speak the sentiments they feel,
And loud proclaim the crimes they might conceal.

Who nobly zealous daily try,
To pluck the mask from villany ;
By neither threat, or promise sway'd,
By pow'r unaw'd, by danger undismay'd——

Who Justice's sacred sword unsheath,
To guard fair Freedom's valued wreath ;
Yet careful shun the deed which draws,
Th' unwelcome shout of popular applause.

Who, blest with talents to persuade,
Exert them for their Country's aid ;
By virtue, not ambition fir'd,
For worth belov'd, not pageantry admir'd——

'Tis theirs with kind and bounteous hand,
To scatter plenty o'er the land;
To bid distress, and sorrow smile,
And crown with due reward the Artist's toil:

'Tis theirs to ease the Widow's fears,
To wipe the friendless Orphan's tears;
Redress the wrongs the weak endure,
Punish the guilty, and protect the poor.

Theirs is the noblest boon below,
The purest bliss the mind can know!
That tranquil undisturb'd *serene*,
Resulting from the conscious peace within.

For them each grateful voice shall ring,
For them each Muse her tribute bring;
And in the hour which levels all,
Death with complacence shall await their call.

ARLEY.

THE WORLD,
Jan. 20, 1787.

PRAYER

TO

VENUS.

KIND Venus, hear thy Suppliant's pray'r,
Hear, and indulgent grant;
For love I ask—you well may spare
The little I shall want.

No storms of passion I desire,
No boundless transports claim,
Give me that gentle doubtful fire,
Which feeds a sportive flame.

For oh! I've known the soft delights,
That warm the breast sincere;
The anxious days and sleepless nights,
That nurse the tender fear.

Have shar'd the fond endearing kiss,
Which mutual ardour fires,
And tasted oft that genuine bliss,
Which mutual truth inspires.

I've felt the fierce extreme of love,
Which utterance would destroy;
When speechless raptures silent prove,
The soul's sublimest joy.

But then its bitterest pangs I've borne,
Deprest with tenfold care;
And many an hour with anguish torn,
Sat brooding o'er Despair,

Whelm'd with such violence of woe,
Would melt a heart of steel,
Which only those who love can know,
Who lose can only feel.

Hence, let me calmly view the sex,
Contented to enjoy
That bliss, which absence cannot vex,
Or Perfidy destroy:

O Venus ! let me favour win,
Secure from Cupid's dart,
Still let it gently pierce my skin,
But never probe my heart !

ARLEY.

THE WORLD,
Jan. 23, 1787.

COMPLIMENTARY VERSES.

Some years ago, at the house of a deceased Nobleman, several complimentary Verses to the brilliancy of the Hon. Mrs. N—H's Eyes were written;—amongst the rest the following:

GIVE me to see that spark of heavenly fire,
At which all tremble—but which all admire:
That gentle gleam, which in Contentment's hour,
Cheers every vale and brightens every bower.
That ray terrific—which when anger glooms,
Darts dreadful flame, and as it darts, consumes,
Strong blaze of light—which fires where e'er it falls,
Exalts, dejects, revivifies, appalls;
Shew me that power which thus with Fate can vie,
Turn; and behold it lives in—LAURA's eye!

ARLEY.

THE WORLD,
Jan. 27, 1787.

O Venus ! let me favour win,
Secure from Cupid's dart,
Still let it gently pierce my skin,
But never probe my heart !

ARLEY.

THE WORLD,
Jan. 23, 1787.

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Shew me that power which thus with Fate can vie,
Turn; and behold it lives in—LAURA's eye!

ARLEY.

THE WORLD,
Jan. 27, 1787.

INSCRIPTION

ON A

ROOT-HOUSE,

In a Garden in Northumberland.

MORTALS, view this hallow'd spot,
This is *Wisdom's* awful Cell ;
Are life's follies all forgot ?
E'er you enter—ponder well.

Bring you here the temper'd mind,
Free from Passion's boist'rous pow'r;
Can you now, to pleasure blind,
Brook the lonely thoughtful hour ?

Pleasures, such as cheat the vain,
Those who lost to reason live,
All that virtue would obtain,
Calm Reflection here will give :

Every soft sensation here
Undisturb'd, may sway the heart,
Expectation's *flattering* fear,
Grateful Mem'ry's *pleasing* smart.

Sorrow here may heave the sigh,
Worth unhonour'd, pensive moan;
Pity too, with tearful eye,
Weep for anguish not its own.

Does thy love-sick bosom burn,
Enter thou to *Wisdom's* Cell;
Though you meet no kind return,
Wisdom shall the Thorn expel:

Does the mutual rapture glow?
Throbs the breast with heart-felt joy?
Wisdom only can bestow
Lasting bliss, that shall not cloy:

Howsoe'er thy fortune's cast,
Proud in pomp, or sunk in care,
Wisdom you will find at last
Is the noblest boon to share.

ARLEY.

THE WORLD,
Feb. 3, 1787.

Vol. II.

B

STANZAS.

Written on the Children of Lady CRAVEN, performing a PLAY, before her, at
Queensbury House some years ago.

NYMPHS and Shepherds hither haste,
Here the purest joys we taste ;
Reason guides our rustic play,
Tunes the pipe and forms the lay.

Lovely MIRA is our queen,
Guardian of the silvan scene ;
Natures' charming handmaid, she
Thus proclaims her soft decree.

*Come ye little smiling train,
Cheer with sports my happy plain ;
Come, while yet the infant year,
Proves both smile and sport sincere.*

*Blooming in the morn of life,
Strangers yet to care and strife ;
Free from art, and free from blame,
You can paint me as I am.*

*What, tho' on your baby brows,
Mark'd expression faintly glows ;
Artless look, and native strain,
All my feelings best explain.*

*Soon shall Time, with iron sway,
Harden youth's maturer day ;
Then no longer taught by me,
You'll scorn my sweet simplicity.*

ARLEY.

THE WORLD,
March 5, 1787.

THE
RETROSPECT.

AMID the scenes of noise and strife,
That sadly sorrow human life,
And cause continual woes;
What soft sensation sooths my breast,
Bids every jarring passion rest,
And transient bliss bestows !

'Tis faithful Memory's friendly hand,
That waves her all-enliv'ning wand,
And brings to Fancy's view ;
What Time, when wing'd with gay Delight,
Each thoughtless day and easy night,
On Pleasure's pinions flew.

Wafts me to S——'s fertile plains,
Where, first I sung my infant strains,
A rude, unpolish'd boy ;
Where, fraught with Innocence and Truth,
The lively sports of early youth,
Produc'd a guiltless joy.

There, pleas'd I trace the flow'ry mead,
And round the well-known elm-trees tread,
Where oft I've careless play'd ;
And sure my choicest days were spent,
Cheer'd with the smiles of glad Content,
Beneath their peaceful shade.

The distant view of N——'s hills,
My breast with exultation fills,
Long time the bounded walk,
There oft I've shar'd the sweet regale,
Partook th' allotted cakes and ale,
And held the sprightly talk.

The church, the yard, the neighb'ring yew,
All join to warm my heart a-new,
And pastimes past recall ;
'Twas here I lash'd the murm'ring top,
Here drove the tile with eager hop,
There struck the bounding ball.

Nor shall fair Learning's sacred spot,
Be by the grateful Muse forgot,
Or heedless left unsung ;
Where dawning Reason first began
The deeds of ancient dead to scan,
And urge th' enquiring tongue.

Where, studious still maturing age,
Explor'd the long instructive page,
And emulous of fame,
Consuming oft th' evening oil,
Enjoy'd a pleasing-painful toil
To raise a future name.

Hail, happy state of infant years!
There lovely Peace her temple rears,
And smiling stands confest;
There Virtue holds her cheerful court,
And youthful, gay desires resort
To charm the tranquil breast.

No lawless passions wound the mind,
There pleasures leave no sting behind,
Sad source of others care;
Nor fell Remorse, nor envious ire,
Nor black Revenge, with purpose dire,
Occasion dark despair.

Their's is the rosy bloom of health,
The boundless transport snatch'd by stealth,
The heart devoid of guile;
What riper manhood seldom knows
The peaceful undisturb'd repose,
And undissembled smile.

Regardless of to-morrow's doom,
They feel no dread of ills to come,
Nor Pleasure's feast forego;
The playful day their great relief,
The task unlearn'd their only grief,
The rod their only foe.

Ah, ever to be envied hours!
When no sad thought of future sours——
No distant fears annoy;
No past reflections intervene
To pain the bosom's calm serene,
Or damp the present joy.

Affliction's load they seldom bear,
'Tis their's to shed the short-liv'd tear
For sorrows soon forgot;
The sweets that from Contentment flow,
That health and peace of mind bestow,
Complete their happy lot.

ARLEY.

THE WORLD,
March 15, 1787.

STANZAS

TO

ILL-NATURE.

FIEND abhorr'd ! Mankind's worst foe !—
Hence, thy darksome crew among—
Haste—and with thy jaundic'd brow,
Fly the Muse's vengeful song !

Oft the hapless Muse hath borne
Deep within the wounded heart,
Fell Detraction's venom'd thorn,
Pointed by thy treach'rous art.

Born of Envy, nurs'd by Spleen,
Rear'd in Passion's blighting storm ;
Sorrow, anguish, care, chagrin,
Mark thy hideous hateful form.

Fraud and Falsehood swell thy train,
Discord is thy sole employ,
Baffl'd malice, all thy pain,
Sated rancour, all thy joy.

Does the Muse with sportive power,
Strive the gloom of life to cheer,
Thou'lt arraign the harmless hour,
Stifle peace, and nurture fear.

Does the flow of joy, or ease,
Some endearing scenes supply;
Every little wish to please
Rouses thy malignity!—

Humble genius, slender grace,
Small desert may wait the Muse,
Yet, if any spark we trace,
Thy severest hate ensues.

Blacken'd by thy foul report,
Mirth is mischief, laughter guile;
Snares are seen in every sport;
Perfidy in every smile.

Still thy arts, malicious fiend—
Still thy hell-born schemes would fail,
Did not oft the *valued friend*,
Listen to thy specious tale.

Vain were each insidious charge,
Effort feeble as unjust,
Did alas! the world at large,
Only hear, and only trust.

Did not oft the secret lie
Break the bond of private peace,
Bid domestic comfort fly,
Love subside, and friendship cease ?

Did not oft thy breath destroy,
Fair Contentment's blooming flow'r,
Wither every social joy,
And corrode life's dearest hour ?

Did not oft thy poison'd shaft,
Pierce the *breast* that *most* we prize,
And on fading faith engraft
Doubt, constraint, and sad surmise ?——

Luckless is that child of care,
Who beneath thy scourge must live,
Doom'd from early youth to bear
All the torments thou can'st give.

Once thy fatal influence spread,
Candour takes no further part ;
Ignorance suspects the head,
Prejudice belies the heart.

Hard and cruel is his lot,
Every merit is denied ;
All his virtues are forgot,
All his errors magnified.

Fiend relentless—Tyrant grim—
Yet awhile, and all is o'er;
When the lamp of life is dim
Thou wilt be observ'd no more.

When the sad, the funeral knell,
Shall his parted breath proclaim,
Faithful Mem'ry then shall tell,
Whether he deserv'd such blame.

Love, perhaps, may o'er his tomb,
Drop a tender silent tear;
Friendship too lament a doom,
Enmity may think severe.

ARLEY.

THE WORLD,
March 29, 1787.

THE
CONFESSION.

TO MISS ****.

IN vain I strive my heart to shield,
Spite of myself that heart will yield ;
In vain would hide a thousand ways
What every conscious look betrays:—

The jest assum'd, th' averted eye,
Poorly conceal the stifled sigh ;
Each stolen touch, which Love impels,
The heart's emotion trembling tells.

Yet not *Eliza*'s charms alone,
Could ruling reason thus dethrone ;
Her blooming graces, tho' with pain,
My cautious bosom might sustain.

But, arm'd with that enchanting mien,
Which speaks the feeling mind within ;
How can my soften'd breast be free,
Thus caught by Sensibility ?

Yet not for me the tear will start,
Which proves *Eliza's* tender heart;
Yet not for me the smile will speak,
Which brightens in *Eliza's* cheek ;

Lost in the whirl of fashion'd life,
Where Nature is with Joy at strife ;
Her unembarrass'd looks declare,
That Love is not triumphant there :—

Lur'd by the hope of gaudier days,
The pompous banners Wealth displays ;
Each fond emotion distant keeps,
And all her native softness sleeps.

ARLEY.

THE WORLD
March 31, 1787.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND.

Spoken some time ago at a Private Performance at WEYBRIDGE.

ERE yet the Comic Muse, with sprightly pow'r,
Provokes the laugh, and leads the mirthful hour,
Permit the Bard, in serious mood, awhile
To wake remembrance, and suspend the smile :
Our scenes to-night no novel merit claim,
Long-tried desert hath fix'd their lasting fame ;
The Characters that mark our chosen page
Have long engross'd the veterans of the Stage.
Who was not charm'd, when BARRY held to view
The matchless portraiture which CIBBER drew ?
Each eye bestow'd, while he sustain'd the part,
The melting tribute of the feeling heart :
Pitied alike the Husband and the Peer,
Felt his distress, and shar'd his manly tear :
But when Compassion taught his breast to glow——
When fond Forgiveness beam'd upon his brow——

When with discordant pangs no more at strife,
He caught with transport his repentant Wife:
Chac'd with a kiss the sorrows from her cheek,
And told in looks, what language could not speak;
Reliev'd from silent agony the mind,
Like heaving *Ætna*, when no more confin'd,—
True to itself, and fir'd in Nature's cause,
Burst in the torrent of extreme applause.

Not so our hope—altho' no frown we fear,
Your gentle plaudits will content us here.
For here we meet, tho' envious Factions lowr,
To pass with pleasantry life's leisure hour—
To snatch relief from ombre and quadrille;
Employ the moments—not the time to kill—
To vent our feelings, give fair Friendship birth,
And bind it with the rosy wreath of mirth:
Pleas'd, if our simple store, and artless toil,
Can light in Beauty's cheek one grateful smile—
More pleas'd, if when our softer scenes appear,
We draw from Beauty's eye one tender tear.

ARLEY.

THE WORLD,
April 2, 1787.

A
SIMILE.

Fox, Sheridan, and Burke, sweet trio !
Follow like Eo, Meo, Reo,
To blow up Hastings, while folks gaze,
They kindle, crack, hiss, bounce and blaze ;
Yet some there are, who love a joke,
Say, all this flame will end in smoke.

So have I seen, and who has not,
In mem'ry of the Powder Plot,
Rais'd by *devices* somewhat slender,
The *Pope*, the *Devil*, and *Pretender*,
Join'd hand in hand the chiefs appear,
While squibs and crackers din the ear ;
Till tired spectators wheel about,
And in a puff the whole goes out.

ARLEY.

THE WORLD,
April 5, 1787.

THE
INVITATION.

TO
DELIA.

THY youthful charms, bright Maid, inspire,
And grace my fav'rite theme,
Whose person kindles soft desire ;
Whose mind secures esteem.
O ! hear me then, my flame avow,
And fill my breast with joy,
A flame, which taught by time to grow,
No time can e'er destroy :
My tender suit with smiles approve,
And share the sweets of mutual love.

No false, delusive arts I use,
As do the courtly throng,
'Tis Nature kindly aids my muse,
And dictates to my song :

Vol. II.

C

Would'st thou, she cries, true bliss ensure,
Make haste the town to leave,
Where Pleasure's gilded baits allure,
And charm but to deceive :
With me, thro' flow'ry meadows rove,
And share the sweets of mutual love.

Forsake, where all upright appear,
Yet most perfidious prove,
Where knaves the mask of friendship wear,
Or feign the voice of love.
So shall thy inexperience'd years,
No source of sorrow know ;
Nor shed Affliction's homefelt tears,
Nor weep for other's woe :
Haste then, from faithless crowds remove,
And share the sweets of mutual love.

Ah! would my Fair this plan pursue,
How happy should I be,
Since all that brings content to you,
Is ecstasy to me.
Yet e'er the public scenes you quit,
Increase my fond delight,
And deign your humble swain t'admit
The partner of your flight;
And while the varying seasons move,
To share the sweets of mutual love.

When Autumn yields her ripen'd corn,
Or Winter dark'ning low'rs,
With tend'rest care, I'll sooth thy morn,
And cheer thy ev'ning hours :
Again, when smiling Spring returns,
We'll breathe the vernal air,
And still, when Summer sultry burns,
To woodland walks repair :
There seek Retirement's shelter'd grove,
And share the sweets of mutual love.

What tho' no costly arts display,
The splendour of a court,
Yet rich in Nature's neat array,
We'll join the rural sport;
Where, seated on the verdant grass,
From daily labour freed,
Each shepherd woos his favourite lass,
And tunes his oaten reed,
Remarks the tender turtle dove,
And sings the sweets of mutual love.

No revels there the night consume,
Which oft the Fair undo,
Make beauty lose its lovely bloom,
And often virtue too ;

There, free from discontent and strife,
Each undesigning youth
Strives to relieve the cares of life,
With constancy and truth;
Haste then, the fleeting hours improve,
And share the sweets of mutual love.

For can that destiny be just,
That innocence and health
Be yielded up a prey to lust,
Or sacrifice to wealth?
Or shall the mind, where honour dwelt,
Deplore that honour gone,
Which still for others pitying felt,
Itself unpitied mourn?
Forbid it, all ye pow'rs above,
And grant her ever mutual love!

ARLEY.

THE WORLD,
May 9, 1787.

STANZAS

ON A

YOUNG LADY's BIRTH-DAY,

In the Month of November.

SINCE all to Beauty's rip'ning bloom
Their cheerful homage pay,
Be not displeas'd, that I presume
To hail thy natal day.

Tho' careless joke, and empty mirth,
My thoughtless hours employ,
I'll greet the day which gave thee birth,
With undissembl'd joy ;

And, while the Muse's softest strains
In artless numbers flow ;
That smiles may recompense her pains,
The fervent wish shall glow.

Henceforward now shall disappear
 Dull Winter's cheerless gloom ;
 November's month shall charm the year,
 And wear an annual bloom :

Fresh flow'rets shall unfading blow,
 Fresh verdure deck the green ;
 The meads their choicest beauties shew,
 To honour Beauty's Queen.

But should the season now refuse
 To act the change I sing ;
 Should Winter scorn to aid the Muse,
 Declar'd the foe to Spring ;

The roses that thy cheeks adorn,
 Shall hast'ning youth prolong ;
 Shall yearly grace thy birth-day morn,
 And witness to my song :

Or if by Time's all-conqu'ring hand,
 Their bloom must wear away ;
 The roses of thy mind shall stand,
 And never know decay.

ARLEY.

CONTENT DISCOURTENANCED.

YE shepherds who idly lament ;
That Fortune is hard and unkind ;
Who seek for the virgin, *Content*——
Let me tell you a piece of my mind.

Should you find her you'll get no relief,
She'll still interfere with your love ;
She's a *Vixen*, a *Witch*, and a *Thief*,
And what I advance I can prove.

Whenever my DELIA I meet,
That instant the damzel is there,
And ere I can fix on a seat,
She squats herself down in a chair.

That she deals in the *magical* art,
Sure none will pretend to deny ;
Else how could she compass the part,
To be always officiously by.

She's a *Vixen*, I boldly aver,
And blinded by Folly and Pride;
Thinks none can be bless'd without her,
And all are unhappy beside.

T'other day to my DELIA I went,
With Anger and Spleen in my hand,
When, soon as I enter'd, *Content*
Made them fly at the word of command.

She's a *Thief*, and I know it by this;
(Nay DELIA will sometimes complain)
For oft when I borrow a kiss,
Content steals it from me again.

Delighted with frolicks like these,
For, trust me, you'll get no redress,
Ye Swains take her home if you please,
I'm content with the share I possess.

ARLEY.

LINES

Sent to

A FRIEND WITH A WATCH.

ACCEPT, my friend, and kindly deem
This offering of the Bard;
His token of sincere esteem,
And tribute of regard.

What tho' no trappings I allow;
The Watch thus unadorn'd;
Believe me, when I dare avow,
Its worth should not be scorn'd.

Companion of my earliest youth,
I've oft its value known;
Unsway'd its probity and truth,
By Fortune's smile, or frown.

In Infant state, when Learning's lore,
For Pastime was forgot,
It whisper'd oft the hast'ning hour,
And task remember'd not.

Obedient still to riper age,
When Pleasure leads astray;
'Twill Reason's cool reproof engage,
And chide the ill-spent day.

Remind us, Time unceasing wears,
Howe'er its loss we mourn;
And bid us nurse the passing years,
Which never can return.

ARLEY.

THE WORLD,
Aug. 15, 1787.

SONG,

Addressed to

A YOUNG LADY.

SHOULD you ask me, what female desert I require
To relish the conjugal life ;
Nor beauty, nor titles, nor wealth I desire
To bias my choice in a Wife :
The charms of a face may occasion a sigh ;
The costly allurements of Art
May yield a short moment of joy to the eye,
But give no delight to the heart.

Would equipage, splendor, or noble descent
Bring comfort wherever they fall,
Could these add a drop to the cup of Content,
I'd gladly partake of them all ;
But vain the assistance proud riches bestow,
The raptures that beauty impart,
To soften the painful reflections of woe,
Or banish distress from the heart.

Then give me the temper unclouded and gay,
The countenance ever serene,
To cheer with sweet converse as youth wears away,
And dissipate anger and spleen;
Whose smiles may endear and enliven the hours
Retirement shall oft set apart;
Whose virtues may sooth when disquietude sours,
And tenderness cherish the heart.

For Fortune, be Honour her portion assign'd,
For Beauty, bright Health's rosy bloom,
Let Justice and Candor ennoble her mind,
And Cheerfulness Sorrow consume:
Thus form'd, would she share with me life's little
store,
It's mixture of pleasure and smart,
She'd ever continue, 'till both were no more,
The constant delight of my heart.

ARLEY.

THE WORLD,
Aug. 27, 1787.

BALLAD,

FOUNDED ON FACT.

ELIZA was beyond compare,
The pride of all the plain,
Fair, yet belov'd by every fair,
Ador'd by every swain.

Tho' Nature had each-charm combin'd
The beauteous Maid to grace ;
And bade the sweetness of her mind
Stand pictur'd in her face ;

Yet Fortune, from her earliest years,
A fate disastrous wove ;
And doom'd her to an age of tears,
For one short hour of love.

In childhood's helpless state, bereft
Of parents' watchful care ;
Her in experienc'd youth was left
A prey to every snare.

One only fault the Maid possess'd—
—If that a fault we deem—
A tender, unsuspecting breast,
Too lavish of esteem.

Unvers'd in woes that others find,
In wiles that others fear;
Artless herself, she thought mankind
Were, like herself, sincere.

But ah! ere yet the luckless Maid
Had fifteen summers run,
Her faith and honour were betray'd—
Her virtue was undone.

Young HENRY, with successful art,
To win her favour strove;
Long practis'd on her youthful heart,
And early gain'd her love.

Fraught with each soft resistless charm,
With each persuasive pow'r,
He still'd Discretion's kind alarm,
And cropp'd the virgin flow'r.

Her orphan state, her tender years,
Her pure, unspotted fame,
Serv'd but to hush his guilty fears,
And fan his lawless flame.

By Honour's dictates unrestrain'd,
By Faith, nor Justice sway'd ;
That confidence his vows obtain'd,
His perfidy betray'd. —

So poor ELIZA's hapless fate
Fill'd HENRY's breast with care;
Nor could the vain parade of state
Protect him from despair.

He saw the beauties once he priz'd
All wither in their bloom,
By lawless passion sacrific'd
Untimely to the tomb.

For how could injur'd honour look
Its Author in the face ?
Or how could suff'ring virtue brook
Invektive and disgrace ?

No sorrows could afford relief,
No penitence atone;
The sigh she gave to others' grief,
She wanted for her own.

The partners of her youthful years,
Unpitying her distress,
Nor kindly help'd to dry her tears,
Nor strove to make them less.

Her lov'd companions turn'd away,
To former friendship cold;
And left her in Affliction's day,
Uncherish'd, unconsol'd.

So ever thro' the World we find
Each breast at woe recoils,
And all the favours of mankind
But last while Fortune smiles.

Too just, life's guilty joys t'endure,
Too weak its thorns to brave;
No friend but Death she could procure,
No comfort but the Grave.

Awhile she Heaven's forgiveness pray'd,
For errors long confest ;
Then sought the solitary shade,
And silent sunk to rest.

Hard-fortun'd sex ! in every state,
From custom's rigid pow'r,
Years of remorse can't expiate
One inadvertent hour.

Unskill'd in Life's precarious way,
Should Love their bosoms burn,
And yielding Nature chance to stray,
They never can return.

In vain they with repentant sighs,
Their sad experience mourn ;
E'en those, who ought to sympathize,
Abandon them with scorn.

Say why, ye Virgins, who bestow
On most, Compassion's tear ;
The pangs alone yourselves may know,
You thus refuse to cheer ?

O rather kindly condescend
To aid the drooping fair ;
Your mercy with your justice blend,
And snatch them from despair.

ELIZA's death, when HENRY heard,
He gave a piteous groan ;
The censure of the World he fear'd,
But more he fear'd his own.

In vain he flew to crowds and courts,
Guilt every bliss destroys ;
Intruded on his morning sports,
And damp'd his evening joys.

At length, with constant grief o'ercome,
With anguish, and dismay ;
He hied him to the lonely tomb
Which held ELIZA's clay :

There weeping o'er the turf-clad ground,
Of all existence tir'd ;
He cast his streaming eyes around,
And mournfully expir'd.

Thus warn'd, ye Fair, with caution arm
'Gainst Man's perfidious arts ;
Since Youth and Beauty vainly charm
When Honour once departs.

Let Hymen's sacred bands unite,
Where Passion is declar'd ;
Give sanction to approv'd delight,
And authorize regard.

So shall no rankling cares annoy,
No tears unceasing flow ;
So shall you feel a Mother's joy,
Without a Mother's woe.

ARLEY.

THE WORLD,
Aug. 24, 1787.

[The following Lines were the earliest offering to a Young Lady---whose Theatric talents once formed the ornament of the Stage on which she appeared; and whose Memory will be honoured by the Drama which she adorned.]

TO

LAURA.

Go, faithful Muse! to *LAURA* fly,
And with thee bear this tender sigh;
Tell her 'tis honest—free from art,
And acts in concert with my heart:

If soft she looks, nor frowns the while,
'Twill take the semblance of a smile;
But if unkind she scorns it—swear
'Twill melt that moment to a tear:—

Fly, *Muse*, and let the Fair One know,
'Tis her's to fix my weal or woe;
Array'd in Beauty's loveliest bloom,
She stamps my bliss, or seals my doom.

Bid her recall that happy hour,
When to the box the wand she bore ;
And having play'd her public part,
Came privately to steal my heart.

Go, *Muse*, and ask the charming Maid,
If pond'ring since on what I said,
She ever wish'd, nor would disdain,
To pass that halcyon hour again?

While all were on the scene intent,
My thoughts alone on her were bent ;
Her smiles to kingdoms I'd prefer,
And I could only gaze on her.

Haste, haste, my *Muse*, once more intrude,
And ask if LAURA thought me rude ?
Ask, if that sweet engaging brow
To every Swain is always so ?

Ask, if those looks were only meant,
As cold respect and compliment ?
Ask, if her heart was wholly free,
Or felt one partial glow for me ?

Perhaps that youthful bosom, yet
Hath no endearing object met ;
Ah me ! what transports he must prove,
Who raptur'd wins her *Virgin Love* ?

For me, unskill'd, unus'd to plead,
My humble Verse may ill succeed ;
Yet LAURA, to that Verse attend,
And *in the Lover* mark the *Friend*.

While life's transcendant morn is yours,
While Beauty blooms, and Youth endures ;
A thousand Swains will hourly kneel,
And what they fancy, swear they feel.

Lascivious age will round thee press,
And shock thy early tenderness ;
Will dare to *bribe* the *free-born Mind*,
And give you gold to have you kind.

Ah, LAURA! shun the treach'rous foe,
Who'd sink thy feeling heart so low ;
Such wretches scorn, and him approve,
Who only offers Love for Love.

ARLEY.

THE WORLD,
Sept. 1, 1787.

WHAT IS LIFE?

As over the Forest of *merry* Sherwood,
I journey'd along in a whimsical mood,
Neither angry nor pleas'd, neither lively nor dull,
Half sleeping, half waking, half empty, half full,
In a kind of a no-kind of strange kind of lays,
I moraliz'd thus on the World—and its ways:

All life is a journey, each rank and condition
Are ever engag'd on some fresh expedition;
Some travel in couples, some journey alone,
In coaches, in phaetons, in chaises and one.
Some ride in the basket, and some thump the saddle;
Some *men* set a-sideways, some *women* a-straddle.
Some fly twenty miles, while some only creep five,
Some are robb'd, some o'erturn'd, some are drove, and
some drive;
Some are plagu'd with bad roads, some have pleasant
and good,
Some are thrown on the common, some lost in a wood;
Some with pompous processions are fain to depart,
And some make their exit as well in a cart.

But what's this to us, you will say with a stare,
Who are wiser, and better, and, happier far?
Beneath the proud pleasures of princes and kings,
We laugh at state-grandeur, and such simple things;
And favour'd with fortune sufficient to spend,
Need not have recourse to a cart at our end.
And tho' we don't drive with six horses before, •
We can, if we please, cut a figure with four :
All this I acknowledge, and frankly will own,
We may 'scape a cord, and we can't get a throne ;
Yet I'm bold to aver, though our friends we condemn,
We're as foolish and faulty, and eager as them.
For trust me, M—— H——, I tell you no lie,
There's none travel faster than you or than I.
In constant pursuit of our fav'rite delight,
Unweary'd we labour all day and all night ;
We toil and turmoil, and we sweat and we run
In the dust, and the dirt, and the heat, and the sun ;
Ever padding the road on a futile design,
For Wealth is your object, and Beauty is mine !
Our researches are endless, we'd better give o'er,
Since, if gorg'd with them both, we should still sigh
for more.

ARLEY.

ELEGY.

To the LADY who will best remember it.

WHEN strong Affliction deeply wounds the breast,
When Sorrow sits within the moisten'd eye ;
When the heart sinks, with pond'rous grief oppress'd,
And the sad bosom heaves with many a sigh ;

Lost to all life, averse from every joy,
Disdaining comfort, scorning all repose,
The pensive Soul can brook but one employ——
Brooding in gloomy silence o'er its woes.

Come then, thou Partner of my cheerless hour,
Come, faithful Muse, and seek the lonely grove,
Retire with me to yon sequester'd bow'r,
And mark the story of my luckless love.

For thou, the truest, tenderest, best of friends,
The fond companion of my earliest youth,
Wilt share each anguish that my bosom rends,
Untir'd wilt listen, and unseen wilt sooth.

Oft hast thou tried, and oft with kind success,
To smooth the sorrows of my aching brow ;
But ah ! I never felt severe distress,
Or prov'd th' extreme of misery till now.

Full well thou know'st, in life's unripen'd morn,
With thoughtless ease I pass'd the frolick day ;
Pluckt every rose, and where I found a thorn,
Threw, careless threw th' unheeded flow'r away.

Resolv'd the roving, restless mind to cure,
And guide the future different from the past,
I sought for sweets that might thro' life endure,
And fondly fancied they were found at last.

I saw the loveliest Rose that grac'd the land,
With blooming fragrance gladd'ning all round,
Too bold, perhaps, I thrust the forward hand,
Miss'd the fair flow'r, and only felt the wound.

Felt ! did I say ! deep rankling in my heart,
No time can mitigate my suffering there ;
Hope lends no friendly balsam for the smart,
And all my blacking prospects frown despair.

And yet, lov'd Maid, if partial to my Muse,
Her artless numbers thou wilt deign to hear ;
If, softly-sighing, thou wilt not refuse,
To shed with her one sympathizing tear ;

That single tear that dews ELIZA's cheek,
Shall for a moment wash my griefs away ;
That sigh, tho' half suppress'd, shall more than speak,
And gild the evening of each mournful day.

Then shall I think 'twas not ELIZA's heart,
'Twas not her gentle breast refus'd to glow ;
'Twas not ELIZA's self who bade us part,
The World, the unfeeling World pronounc'd it so.

The unfeeling World that thinks where riches roll,
Where titles blazon, joys can never cease ;
That waves each soft emotion of the soul,
And builds on public clamour private peace.

And yet, ELIZA, thou may'st live to prove,
And thy fond heart may own it with a sigh,
That the endearing sweets of mutual Love,
No Wealth, no State, no Splendour can supply.

Form'd as thou art, with every outward grace,
With ev'ry inward virtue richly fraught,
Think, if thy tenderness thou should'st misplace,
Pride, Pomp, and Grandeur may be dearly bought.

Though Honour's noblest circle thou'lt adorn,
And dignify in every sphere the Wife,
ELIZA, or I much mistake, was born
To shine amidst the soften'd joys of life.

For me, whom poignant woes must still depress,
Each future hour to sorrow I resign ;
Death only can alleviate my distress,
And the last parting moment shall be Thine !

ARLEY.

THE WORLD,
Oct. 2, 1787.

LOVE RENEW'D,

SONNET.

LIGHT fly the hours, attendant joy,
Gay mirth, and every sweet employ,
Chasing the short-liv'd moments, prove
The blissful state of growing Love :

New to the heart, the youthful Fair,
First learns to feel a tenderer care ;
A fond solicitude, which says,
How poor the Calm of former Days !

Than hope and fear, alternate reign
Transition of delight and pain ;
That dear distress, that charming strife,
Which interests every scene of life :

The cheek suffus'd, the downcast brow,
The sigh escap'd we know not how ;
The soft rebuke, th' unwilling blame,
Triumphant Nature all proclaim.

Sweet is the Passion thus pursu'd,
But sweeter far is Love Renew'd ;
That Love, which, when the bosom thrill'd,
Suspense with icy hand hath chill'd ;

Hath doom'd to sit the mournful day,
And weep the ling'ring time away ;
The heart's best prospects, once so fair,
Chang'd in an instant to despair.—

How hard ! to view the budding Rose
In Life's glad morn its sweets disclose ;
Then in the fond expectant hour,
To lose the lovely yielding flow'r.

How sweet ! when Hope was scarce alive,
To see that hour again revive ;
The long-lost Rose once more to view,
With ripen'd fragrance bloom anew ;

Then Love, with soft-ey'd Pity blends,
Then Mem'ry all her aid extends ;
Past sorrow, hightens present joy,
And rapture lives without alloy.

ARLEY.

THE WORLD,
Nov. 24, 1787.

CHARACTERISTIC SONG.

Supposed to be sung by a SAILOR's LASS, to her FAVORITE; who has been treating her rather unkindly.

YOUR MOLLY has never been false, she declares,
Since last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs;
When I swore that I still would continue the same,
And gave you the '*Bacco-Box*—mark'd with my name.

When I pass'd a whole fortnight between decks, with
you,
Did I e'er give a Buss, TOM, to one of the crew?
To be useful and kind to my THOMAS I staid,
For his Trowsers I wash'd, and his Bumbo I made.

Though you threaten'd last Sunday to walk in the Mall
With SUSAN, from *Deptford*, and *Billingsgate* SAL,
In silence I stood, your unkindness to hear,
And only upbraided my TOM with a tear.

Still faithful and fond from the first of my life,
Tho' I boast not the Name, I've the truth of a Wife;
For falsehood in Wedlock too often is priz'd,
And the Heart that is constant should not be despis'd.

ARLEY.

THE WORLD,
Nov. 29, 1787.

The following POEM, in a distant part of the World, had Fact for its Foundation. The Lovers thus described, parted, with the Emotions the Story gives them. The Dialogue only is fanciful: it is the Form which the Author adopted, as the best Method of conveying to the Public

THE
REPENTANCE OF PASSION.

HE.

AND does my *Harriet* still adhere,
To wear Affliction's garb alone;
Still does she hold her Spoiler dear,
And prize his peace who broke her own?
Still will she strive his pangs to heal,
Who all her youthful honours tore,
And near his pillow constant kneel,
When every power to please is o'er?

SHE.

And does my Love, unkind, suppose
I e'er would leave his lonely bed;
Forsake the Youth my heart has chose,
And fly, because his health has fled?

And will he, sunk in sad despair,
Believe his *Harriet* loves no more;
Or think, while she can sooth one care,
That every power to please is o'er?

HE.

Ah! cease to sooth my woe-worn head!
Shun the sad wretch thou can'st not save;
Nor hover round that guilty bed
Where martyr'd Virtue found its grave:
Here sunk the glories of thy youth,
Each blooming honour doom'd to fall;
Here, Treachery triumph'd over Truth,
And here, stern Death, shall expiate all.

SHE.

Ah! cease to wound my heart anew!
Still if thou bend'st at Sorrow's shrine,
Again thy *Harriet* thou'lt undo,
For *Harriet*'s life is wrapp'd in thine;—
Had I ten thousand wrongs endured,
And that lov'd cheek one tear let fall,
That single tear each pang had cured;
—One tender sigh would expiate all.

HE.

O spurn me!—Case thy heart in steel—
Give just resentment all its force ;
Nor by such kindness, make me feel
The torture of severe remorse.
Why, in life's early happy day,
When health and joy gave means to bless;
Why did I heedless turn away,
From her who lov'd to such excess ?

SHE.

Lament no more, my bosom's friend ;—
Thy errors past, thy cares should cease ;
Corroding thought awhile suspend,
And nurtur'd Hope shall teem with peace ;
Thy kind, thy gentle *Harriet* sues,—
Clings round thy arm with fond caress ;
Nature will every fault excuse,
And sweetly pardon Love's excess.

HE.

Too tender, too relenting Fair !
My fault can never be forgot ;
Unpitying Love would scorn my pray'r,
And injured Nature owns me not ;

When, in the fond ingenuous hour,
Thy native tenderness was shewn,
How did I meanly sport with pow'r,
Betray thy love, and shame my own.

SHE.

Hear me, thou persevering man!
Hear, what thy *Harriet* firmly swears—
If courted death must be thy plan,
Remember, 'twill but prelude hers;
Here will she wait thy final doom—
Then drench'd in tears, and desp'rate grown,
Stretch'd o'er thy corse, in life's first bloom,
Forget thy love, and end her own.

HE.

Lend me thy aid, to combat Fate;
For thy dear sake I'll strive to live;
Draw near me,—help, oh! 'tis too late—
Take the last kiss I now can give:
Wan is that cheek you oft have prest,
And dim those eyes you lov'd so well;
And the hard pang that rends my breast,
My fault'ring tongue can scarcely tell.

E 3

SHE.

Here—on this bosom, rest thy head—
Speak—look upon me—breathe once more—
His pulse is still—oh God ! he's dead—
Fate, do thy worst,—the conflict's o'er !

*Weep for their woes, ye tender few—
You'll pity what you feel so well;
My humble pen but paints for you;
How just—the trickling tear shall tell.*

ARLEY.

THE WORLD,
Jan. 22, 1788.

SONNET.

Written for

A YOUNG LADY

ON HER

FIRST PASSION.

How happy the season of Childhood appears !
Those hours of contentment, those smooth-gliding
years,
When the heart knows no sorrow, disturb'd by no guile,
And the Tear, if it trickles, is caught by a Smile.

Farewell to that peace, which Indifference bestows,
Love pierces my bosom, and wounds my repose ;
My Passion to stifle, I'm forc'd to deceive,
But tho' Smiles mask my Sorrows, they cannot re-
lieve.

ARLEY.

THE WORLD,
Feb. 7, 1787.

The Poems of ARLEY that follow are original.

AN
EVENING'S CONTEMPLATION.

Wrote in

A GARDEN.

FLED from the dear, delusive town,
From scenes of pomp and noise,
Here undisturb'd, I'll sit me down
And taste serener joys.

Here Happiness must ever live,
Here Health and Peace unite,
While Art and Nature join to give
Refreshment with delight.

O lovely spot! O blest retreat!
With constant verdure crown'd;
Content explores the halcyon seat,
And gladdens all around.

Thy grass-bound walks, thy gentle slopes,
Thy ivy-mantled grove,
Revive the aged's drooping hopes,
The youth's expiring love.

But chief this turf-clad terras charms
Wide opening to the view,
Here free from tumults, rude alarms,
The Muse is ever new.

What various objects meet the sight,
Nor meet the sight in vain;
For now the near approach of Night,
Inspires the moral strain.

How still the close of parting day,
The sun withdraws his pow'r:
Attend, ye thoughtless and ye gay,
Nor dread one serious hour.

Mark, how that field (an emblem true),
Has lost its wonted bloom;
For cover'd with Night's sable hue,
It wears a mournful gloom.

The mind of Man is like the mead,
With Sorrow's clouds deprest,
When innocence hath ceas'd to spread
Its sunshine o'er the breast.

See silver Thames serenely glides,
How smooth his current flows;
And lulls, with gently-waving tides,
The Mariner's repose.

Should tempests rage, and winds deform,
The waters charm no more;
The Sailor dreads th' impending storm
And glad resigns his store.

'Tis thus the nuptial state affords
Uninterrupted joy,
When no discordant hasty words
The husband's peace destroy.

His leisure seeks no gay resort,
But to his partner steals;
And thinks the longest day too short
To speak the bliss he feels.

But when the gales which passions blow,
The bosom's calm remove;
He flies the Fair-one's angry brow,
And scorn succeeds to love.

Turn, and observe that lab'ring Clown,
He digs an artful hole ;
And puts his trap with caution down
To catch the purblind mole.

Like him, designing men prepare
To lure the virgin mind ;
Then shun betimes the treach'rous snare,
Or Love will make ye blind.

Pursue, ye tender blooming Maids,
The pleasing calls of youth ;
Yet e'er the Shepherd's flame invades,
Be certain of his truth.

And now the roving eye would pass,
To yonder distant hills ;
For having no perspective glass,
The breast with wonder fills.

Thus narrow-sighted mortals strive,
To fathom future fate ;
But unenlighten'd while alive,
Their knowledge comes too late.

So all around—meads, marsh, or glades—
Reflection won't refuse ;
For every different object aids
The contemplative Muse.

But Night prevents the growing song,
Obscuring every ray—
Thus Death will darken all ere long,
And close Life's little day.

ARLEY.

THE
CAT, THE EAGLE, AND THE SOW,

A FABLE.

ONCE on a time, in antient days
(I sing but what friend Æsop says),
It so fell out, no matter how,
A Cat, an Eagle, and a Sow,
Chose at the self-same Tree to sleep,
And part with that they cou'dn't keep.
The Eagle, willing to be high,
Built on the branches next the sky ;
Fond of the mire, the wallowing Sow
Litter'd among the roots below ;
While Puss, the wisest of the three,
Preferr'd the middle of the Tree,
As best to act her private labours,
And watch the motions of her neighbours.

Now, you must know, this Cat was one
Of those that all wise people shun,
An artful, sly, designing creature,
Cunning, and mischievous by nature;
Would purr, and fondle to your face,
But scratch you in another place :
Under pretence to seek a mouse
She'd gain admittance to your house ;
Yet e'er your back was fairly turn'd,
Would steal a steak, and swear 'twas burn'd.
This Cat, then, having form'd a plan, }
Up to the Eagle's dwelling ran,
And thus, with fawning speech, began :
O mighty Queen of Birds ! I come,
To warn thee of approaching doom ;
While here wrapt up in peace you lye,
Nursing your royal progeny,
And conscious of no evil, trust
That all the World, like you, are just ;
Too self-secure, you little know
Th' intentions of that grov'ling Sow,
Who daily undermines us all,
In hopes that soon the Tree will fall ;
And then, your Eaglet and my Kitten,
By her and bantlings will be eaten ;
Wherefore, I humbly do presume
Your Majesty should keep at home.

This said, away tripp'd Madam Puss,
Sought out the Sow, and spoke her thus :
For you and for myself I fear,
In vain your infant Pigs you rear ;
In vain with care you strive to fat 'em,
For soon yon Eagle will be at 'em.
The instant that you stir from home,
Souse from her nest she'll downward come ;
Nor less I tremble for my brood,
Tho' Pigs, perhaps, are sweeter food ;
To stay within you'll find expedient,
So Mistress Sow your most obedient.
And now the Cat all day lay quiet,
But stole abroad at night for diet,
While the poor, deluded pair,
Fearful of each other's snare,
Kept themselves so close confin'd,
They soon were starv'd, and left behind
Prey to the Cat, their helpless young,
Sad victims to her treacherous tongue.

Reflected in this mirror view,
The destiny that waits on you ;
Who like the Eagle, in her nest,
Admit such traitors to your breast :
Villains, who, to gain their ends,
Affect to be your dearest friends ;

Th' affairs of other folks make known,
To learn the secrets of your own ;
Then, with officious tales, they run,
While he that trusts them, is undone :
Your Wife, your Children, worldly wealth,
Your fame, your peace of mind, your health,
Of all you have they'll strip you bare,
And take the very clothes you wear :
Then, not contented with your coat,
Smile in your face—and cut your throat.

And you, ye specious knaves, attend
The Fable, contemplate and mend ;
What tho' the purpose you design'd
Has fully answer'd to your mind ;
What tho' not openly betray'd,
Your riot o'er the waste you made.
Can titles, pomp, or large estate
For loss of honour compensate ?
'Tis not the balm that affluence brings
Can ease the pangs of conscience stings ;
Remorse shall rend your guilty breast,
Reflection break your troubled rest ;
Lamenting Widows, Orphan's tears,
Shall still unceasing wound your ears :
The crimes you have so long conceal'd,
At length, by Time, shall be reveal'd ;

When torn with rage, deprest with fear,
Contempt shall meet you every where :
Then read my Fable o'er agen,
And learn to live like honest men.

ARLEY.

EPISTOLARY VERSES

TO A

YOUNG GENTLEMAN

AT

ETON.

Joy to my youthful Friend, whom Eton loves,
Whom Learning favours and the Muse approves;
Whose early genius, and whose rising fame,
On Virtue's basis found a future name !

Nurs'd in the Lap of Science, every hour
Contributes to encrease thy valued store ;
Each hast'ning day, with fresh instruction
fraught,
Improves the mind, and elevates the thought ;
Maturer years thy youthful toils shall crown,
And Eton boast the plant herself has sown ;

The Muse, entwin'd in Friendship's sacred band,
Would wish those toils surpass'd, those years at
hand,

Would joy to see the harvest thank thy care,
And yield thee every blessing life can share :
But oh ! my Friend, how can the Muse, who
knows,

That life encreasing brings encrease of woes ;
That youth's the surest season of delight,
While riper pleasures pall the sick'ning sight.
Say, can she thus desire thy years to haste,
Or wish thee purer joys then now you taste ?
Could she bestow, had Nature given the pow'r,
A happier era than the present hour ?
While fresh with health, with youthful vigor gay,
Calm and serene Time sweetly glides away.
In search of knowledge cheerfully employ'd,
No minute lost, no season unenjoy'd ;
Each hour of leisure innocently spent,
And every moment gilded with content.

Engag'd in pleasing toils, and glad pursuits,
'Tis, now my Friend, you cull life's choicest fruits ;
Nor broke by Care, nor chill'd by Fortune's frown,
Their sweets unsullied, and their thorns unknown ;
Whether, attentive o'er th' instructive page,
You glean the labors of the classic Age,

Or, eager to excell in active sport,
Seek the green mead, and join the gay resort;
Whether in converse with Etonia's sons
You trace the bank where Thames meand'ring runs;
Or, lonely pensive, mark the murm'ring stream,
Invoke the Muse, and urge the lofty theme;
In every pastime, every toil you find
A temp'rate bosom, an unruffled mind;
No sorrows cloud, no rude reflections sour
The recreative, or the studious hour;
Free from the storms of guilt, the starts of fear,
Yours is the transient, if the frequent, tear;
The lively hope, the undissembl'd smile,
Faith without bribe, and Friendship without guile.

Learn then, my Friend, your happiness to prize,
(*Marcus the voice of Cato won't despise),
Let not the trivial incidents, that wait
Daily to checquer life's precarious state,
That cheerful, sweet serenity remove,
Which Virtue's sons can never fail to prove :
So, when a few short years shall change the scene,
And greater ills more frequent intervene ;
When riper manhood deeper sorrows shares,
And every day its load of anguish bears;

* Alluding to their having perform'd those Characters, at a private Play.

Howe'er thy Fortune's cast, whate'er thy lot,
The conscious worth will never be forgot:
O'erwhelm'd with ev'ry woe, you cannot fall,
Virtue will rise superior to them all!

ARLEY.

AN
OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE.

Written
For the Benefit of
A COUNTRY PLAYER.

As some poor Candidate for vacant place,
With courteous countenance, solicits grace ;
Protests all former errors to reform,
And promises much more than he'll perform ;
Duly elected, by the ballot law,
Thanks you for favors which you can't withdraw,
Then flies to contemplate the coming store,
Receives the profit, and is heard no more :
So I, and doubtless with the same design,
Beg your benevolence for me, and mine :
Obsequious bowing, crave the public care,
And vow no labor, and no toil to spare ;

Like brother Candidate, now come at last,
To make acknowledgments for kindness past;
Declare your bounties well o'erpay my pains,
Then sneak behind the scene—to count my gains:

Thus far, perhaps, the simile stands good—
No farther would I have it understood.
Unlike th' ingrate, tho' favors cease to flow,
Never may I forget the debt I owe.
Still as each circling season shall return,
May gratitude, within this bosom burn;
Bid me be mindful of your smiles before,
And make me study to deserve them more.

Nor for myself alone I ask applause,
With trembling voice—I plead the gen'ral cause;
For all my breth'ren your assistance crave,
Your grace to pardon, your relief to save.
Hard is the fortune of each strolling Play'r,
Necessity's rough burthen doom'd to bear;
From no calamity of life exempt,
Tortur'd with hunger, traml'd with contempt;
Each opening mind, each dawning genius, see
Check'd by the hand of cheerless poverty.
What can support, and raise a young beginner,
When *Denmark's Prince* may want to-morrow's dinner?
How can *Mercutio* smile—not worth a groat,
Unwash'd his linen, and unpaid his coat?

Can *Romeo* weep, can *Juliet* JUSTLY die,
When Nature craves for both her just supply ?
Or can the deep distress of injur'd *Lear*,
Exert its pow'r to urge the feeling tear ?
Say, can that breast another's mis'ry moan,
Which still with ceaseless woe laments its own ?
Oh no !——that Actor who would hope to please,
Must boast contentment, and a mind at ease.
That bosom, which would picture other's care,
Must be itself a stranger to despair.——

Then kindly deign to grant the aid we need,
Accept the weak endeavour for the deed :
Permit your poor petitioners to live,
And take our Thanks——the all we have to give !

ARLEY.

EPITAPH.

BENEATH this stone, return'd to kindred soil,
The child of industry hath ceas'd from toil;
Life's active path, he blush'd not to pursue,
His virtues ample, his desires but few;
Content gave mod'rate wishes power to please,
And honest labour honorable ease:—
But, when he fondly thought fatigue was o'er,
And wealth fast-flowing, promis'd joys in store,
Death check'd, at once, the momentary pride,
And all his earthly prospects instant died—

Here, then, thou slave of riches, tool of pow'r,
Pause—recollect—indulge the pensive hour;—
If virtuous efforts thus no fruit can bear,
And this the meed that waits on worldly care,
How weak! how vain! to think in base employ,
A *Life* of guilt can yield an *Hour* of joy.—

ARLEY.

A

MORAL PICTURE.

ALL hail to thee! thou peaceful lone retreat!
Welcome this rude uncultivated spot!
Where Hospitality has fix'd her seat,
In humble Poverty's sequestr'd cot.

Those barren hills that bound yon dreary rocks,
That solitary stream meand'ring slow;
This little pasture, and these scanty flocks,
Have charms which opulence may never know.

By servile tribes and Fortune's minions scorn'd,
Remote from crowds on schemes of grandeur bent,
Here simple Nature, sweetly unadorn'd,
Dwells with her handmaids, Virtue and Content.

Within this lowly hut, whose tott'ring roof
Seems just departing from its time-worn thatch;
A generous pair, Compassion's noblest proof,
For ev'ry traveller lift the friendly latch.

Tho' small their income, ample is their mind,
With few possessions they've abundant wealth;
In Nature's bounteous lap they daily find
Life's choicest blessings, Innocence and Health.

Together once they trod its early stage,
Together now they journey down the vale;
Past scenes of youth endear approaching age,
And waft them onward with a gentle gale.

One beauteous maid, dear pledge of nuptial love,
With artless prattle every care beguiles;
She, while her parents cherish and improve,
Cheers all their thoughtful hours with infant smiles.

For her alone they wear a short-liv'd gloom,
Her future weal still anxious to secure;
Content, when summon'd to their final doom,
To leave her honest, tho' they leave her poor.

"O sacred wedlock! flame for ever bright!

"Perpetual source of untumultuous joy!

"Pure silent stream! that flows with new delight,

"Bliss still encreasing, sweets that never cloy;

"Midst bustling throngs, thy soft endearments charm,

"Restrain the husband, and protect the wife;

"But chief thy chaste connubial raptures warm

"The peaceful current of unruffled life.

There the mild transports of the social hour,
Forbid each all-completed wish to roam,
Best pleas'd to seek Retirement's halcyon bow'r,
And rear their rip'ning progeny at home.

Approach this rural scene, ye little great,
Ye ever-roving, ever-thoughtless crew,
Suspend a while magnificence and state,
To learn Contentment from the happy few.

Come too, ye cruel, unrelenting Fair,
Who from your children banish Nature's friend,
Here view the pattern of maternal care,
And while you contemplate that pattern mend.

Come, wearied Indigence, forget thy woes,
This faithful cottage harbours no disguise;
Here, undisturb'd, enjoy a calm repose,
And taste that comfort which the world denies.

ARLEY.

TO
A FRIEND,

With
A SWORD.

DULY observant of my word,
Accept, at length, the promis'd sword ;
Fearless accept, nor think, I send
A dangerous present to my friend.

Tho' wisely, we the weapon dread,
If anger, or if folly lead,
Good-nature, and good-sense may wear
The harmless gift without a fear ;

O ne'er may you the blade unsheath,
Unless to guard bright Honor's wreath ;
For hapless he, who idly draws
His sword, in ought but Virtue's cause ;

Tho' anxious to preserve our name,
Beyond ourselves we prize our fame ;
Still may my friend with caution act,
And reason justify the fact.

The breast impatient of control,
Denotes the coward, or the fool ;
True valor, you alone will find,
Dwells in the calm attemper'd mind.

The man whom discord bids recoil,
Who careful shuns the midnight broil,
Soon as his Country calls, afar
Will dauntless brave the storms of war.

Ever may smiling peace attend,
And cheer each moment of my friend ;
And may he never lose the sword,
'Till lost to honor and his word !

ARLEY.

ELEGY

ON THE
DEATH OF MR. STERNE.

Which happened at the time of the General Election, 1768.

WHILE venal crowds for worthless men engage,
Who basely promise what they won't perform ;
While Freedom's purchas'd, and while Faction's rage
Rends England's peace with her septennial storm ;

Unaw'd by pow'r, unsway'd by partial views,
Deaf to the clam'rous roar of public strife,
Calmly contemplative, the private muse
Marks the calamities of private life:

Sees worth and wisdom daily sink away,
Sees, and laments them, with a kind concern,
E'en now to sorrow yields the pensive lay,
And drops a tear for genius and for *Sterne*.

O! form'd to please, to urge the social sigh,
The gloomy hours of anguish to beguile,
To temper humour with humanity,
And melt the bosom, while you force the smile!

Soon shall thy works, the darts of slander stemm'd,
By Wisdom cherish'd, and by Virtue priz'd,
Be by Hypocrisy alone condemn'd,
By prudish ignorance alone despis'd.

For what is wisdom, what is virtue worth?
Hard-hearted spleen, and rigor to destroy,
To raise compassion, call our feelings forth,
And sooth life's cares with inoffensive joy?

Let Folly's sons, to malice ever prone,
Deem all thy labors vain, caprice and whim,
Benignity and Truth, will ever own
The generous *Toby* and the faithful *Trim*.

Grant, decency may sometimes discommend;
And plead its outward barriers you assault;
Maria's woes, and poor *Le Fevre's* end
Make ample recompense for every fault:

Long Gratitude thy memory shall revere,
Long, as benevolence and virtue reign;
Pity, thy monumental stone shall rear,
And daily dew it, with a tear humane.

There honor, love, and friendship, shall attend,
Wait round thy silent ashes as they sleep;
There, wit and genius mourn their common friend,
And mirth, unpatroniz'd, shall learn to weep.

ARLEY.

ANCIENT MUSIC.

No. I.

CONCERT.

EARL OF EXETER,

DIRECTOR.

ACT I.

CANST thou love and live alone ? [*Glee—Ravenscroft.*
Hurly—*Burleigh.*

Hark ! Hark ! [*Domestic Anthem.*
The watch-dogs bark !
Hark ! I hear
The bubbling strains of *Stamford Beer* !

Myself I shall adore [*Handel.*
If I persist in gazing—
No object sure before,
Was ever half so pleasing.

ACT II.

SOLO—RUBINELLI.

The Virgins too, shall on their feastful days, [*Handel.*
Visit the spot with flowers, and there bewail
The loss unfortunate.

CABINET—SONG.

Dread the thief, at night who steals! [*Saul's Lament.*
Lost my Shells, and lost my Seals——
Hair of Vestal at Confession——
Rings—Chinese—of first impression :
Head of Cæsar gone to pot——
How had *Christie* lov'd the lot!
Mind, Sir Sampson—mind your men!
I will have my Seals again.

ANCIENT MUSIC.

MARQUIS OF CAERMARTHEN,

DIRECTOR.

ACT I.

GOD save great George our King!——

I have a Master, and I am his Man—— [*Arnold.*

Haily, gayly, gambo raily.

Imitation is a pleasure [Jackson.
 Past all speaking—
 Roaring, squeaking—
 Singing without voice or music,
 Till it shall make me and you sick :—
 —Imitation is a pleasure,
 For a noble Lord o' th' Treasure!

OFFICIAL ANTHEM.

The King shall rejoice in my Strength—exceeding glad
 shall he be of my Ministration.—Labour and great
 trouble has he laid upon me, but he has presented
 me with the blessings of *Salary*—and has put *Fees* of
 pure gold within my reach.

Hallelujah! [Handel.

—If You at an office solicit your due— [Secret Air.

ACT II.

MRS. BILLINGTON.

But bright Cæcilia rais'd the wonder high,
 When to her organ moving power was given :
 An angel heard, and straight appear'd
 To bless the wond'rous work of Heaven.

And soft when I tacto her pulse is— [Lingolini.

SOLO.

In a darkling room I sit [Old Colman.
Pilfering scraps of ancient wit:
Like the bee—a kind distiller
Of the sweets of sweet Joe Miller—
Jests of the facetious BEN—
So old—that they are new again—
“*Merry friends you are mine*”—quoth I—
Thus we steal our *Comedy*.

THE WORLD,
Jan. 3, 1787.

ANCIENT MUSIC.

No. II.

EARL OF UXBRIDGE,

DIRECTOR.

ACT I.

HOUSES I have two—and one— [*Solomon's Song.*
Four—the Workmen being gone :
Brick and mortar is my care,
Time destroys, and I repair.
Take me, *Masons*, while you may,
Builders come not every day.

CHORUS.

Take him, take him, while you may,
Builders come not every day.

The Miser thus a shilling sees—

[*Canzonet Elwes-ini.*

Air—RUBINELLI.

But O, sad Virgin! that thy hand
 Could raise the dead at thy command!

ACT II.

Some think *ceremony* odd is:—

[*Air from Hesse Cassel.*

I love *diplomatic* bodies,
 Whiten'd heads, and pendent bags—
 Stars and ribbands—tho' in rags:
 This is transport I allow in!
 O, the pain and bliss of *bowing*!

I, like the *Fox*, shall grieve—

[*Canzonet, by Mr. Sheridan.*

ORPHEUS, much lamented Shade—

[*Domestic Anthem.*

Could I play as thou hast play'd;
 My walls obedient to my skill,
 Had sav'd me many a Bricklayer's bill—

Honest boy, leave off inditing—[*Surrey Catch.*

Bad is now thy *pen* for "*writ-ing*,"

And thou art a merry boy!

Age upon thy bob is lighting—

Come—the bottle is inviting!

Drop your pen, and quit your "*writ-ing*"—

Drink, and be a merry boy!

ANCIENT MUSIC.

EARL OF SANDWICH,

DIRECTOR.

Pious orgies, pious prayers— [Handel.
Decent sorrow, decent airs.

Adam caught Eve by the—
[Scot's *Paradise Regain'd*.

Virgo Virginum! præclare [Stabat Mater.
Mihi Jam non scis amare, [d' Astorga.

Fac me stare!
Fac me Flagellis vulnerari!
Flagellis subditum,
Emissum spiritum,
Fac me tecum inebriari.

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind. [Filcorini.

Tears such as tender fathers shed,
Or brethren when they love a brother—
[Handel.

For joy to think, when I am dead,
My son will be—just such another.

ACT II.

I will speak praises and sing—— [Handel.

Come, now—pr'ythee John!

Hail, Friendship—noblest gift of Heaven!

[Purcell.

Of all the friends in time of grief. [Twitcerini.

Love is enjoin'd his favourite toast, [Webb and

The Goddess that delights us most, Purcell.

At his command,

All thro' the laughing *Strand*,

The latest nymphs shall ring his knell——

Hark! I hear them—ding! dong! bell!

CHORUS.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be——

[Handel.

ANCIENT MUSIC.

No. III.

THE CONCERT.

LORD DUDLEY AND WARD,
DIRECTOR.

FROM the Deeps have I called upon thee; [*Worcester*
from the black mine and the white mine; *Anthem,*
the coal mine, and the lead mine, which are
all mine, have I cried, and thou liftest me
up!

QUEENSBERRY CATCH.

Youth's the season made for joys,
Love is then our duty.

We have toil'd all night, and taken *nothing*.

[*Sandwich and Baker, M. S. penes Me.*

HAWKESBERRY GLEE.

By the help of the Lord I have got over the wall.

COLMANINI SENIOR.

A little thing I am, and managing my trade is,
But what *little Thing* could ever manage Ladies?
If I say a word—why I'm sure to provoke her :—
—Would any Man but me—had my dear *Alley Croker!*

ACT II.

Give me the Girl with a lump of land,
And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure.
[*From Sutherland.*]

WEDGEWOOD'S GLEE.

Never, never, bow we down
To the rude Rock and sculptur'd Stone,
—I adore—my *Ware* alone.
Break it, Mortals, when you dare,
Still I live by *Ware* and Tear.

Oft on a Flat near Grosvenor Gate, [*Harrison.*]
Oft do I, musing, stroll of late.

Or, if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed Place will fit,
 Where my *own* Coals around the room
 Teach Night to counterfeit a gloom.

ANCIENT MUSIC.

EARL OF FITZWILLIAM,

“DIRECTOR.

GOOD Lord, deliver Us! [Buff Anthem.

MAWBEE CANZONET.

When the *Eye* saw him, then it witnessed *him*:
 And when the *Ear* heard him, then it blessed *itself*.

TREASURY STRAIN.

Pr'ythee Billy,
 Be'nt so silly,
 Thus to waste thy days in Grief:
 If in Treaty,
Vergennes beat ye,
Certain Voters give relief.

Cease repining,
 Leave your whining,
 Sorrows prove a Man an Ass;

Shew your Face, man !
Keep your Place, man !
If you can't—why hang DUNDAS !

ACT II.

THE GRANBY MARCH.

*His body is buried in Peace—but his name liveth for ever-
more !*

Oft in the Country as I walk, [Cumberland air.

I with my Muse, thus enter talk :

Tell me, said I, in deep distress,

“ Why thus thou mak'st me pennyless ?

Says Muse to me—“ *O ! hapless Swain,*

“ Searching thy pockets is in vain :

“ Accuse not me—be better bred—

“ And higher search—'tis in thy HEAD.”

WILKERINI.

One thing have I desired, and which I will require,
that I may remain in the *Chamberlainship* all the days
of my life, to behold the fair beauty of the *Alder-*
men, and to visit their *Courts*.

ANCIENT MUSIC.

No. IV.

THE CONCERT.

EARL FITZWILLIAM,

DIRECTOR.

ACT I.

YORKSHIRE AIR.

WHICH way can I turn me?—How shall I decide?
I am courted by both, and I pay for't beside.
With one party indeed—any Statesman might steer,
But *two* parties at once—there's no fortune can bear.

CHIGWELL CHAUNT.

I was a stranger, and they took me in—

TRIUMPHAL SONG,

Though an host of men were to rise against [Book of
me, yet shall my heart not be afraid. For MART.
my trust is, they shall be brought down.

ST. JAMES'S STREET ANTHEM.

As for *Pharoah* and his Host, they over-
threw all the first-born of the land.

STRASBURGH AIR—*with the PEPPER-BOX.*

BENEDICITE! *What a nose! 'Tis a live
nose: 'tis a dead nose. 'Tis a pudding's end,*
said the Trumpeter.—*It is a nose certainly,*
and I'll swear it! replied his Wife—
You'll swear any thing, answered the Hus-
band—*but where is the bridge?—Why*
here, rejoined the Wife—*I think—I do*
feel something like it.

ACT II.

DERBY CATCH.

Shew thy strength unto thy servant, and [Farennelli.
thy Handmaid thy glory!

I am *Mad Tom*, behold me! [Crop-crini.
My senses sure have left me—

I'm mad I'm sure,
I'm past all cure——
And Bedlam scarce can hold me.

DUET.

DUNDASA and HASTINGHI.

Dun. Were I laid on Scotland's coast,
With the *India-House* in view :
Warm amidst eternal frost——
Master ICE——“ *I'd laugh at you !*”

Hast. Were I safe on Indian soil,
Soon as burning day was o'er,
Sweet Rupees should sweeten toil——
——Would *the COMMONS* shut their door!

Dun. Give me ! Give me ! all day long !——

Hast. Save me ! Save me ! is my song !——

Both. Thus we'd sing, and thus we'd say——

Dun. Over the hills——

Hast. Over the seas——

Both. Over the hills, and far away !

ANCIENT MUSIC.

THE CONCERT.

SIR WATKIN W. WYNNE,

DIRECTOR.

ACT I.

HOME ANTHEM.

COME unto me, all ye that are heavy laden.

AIR from THURLOTHRUMBO.

Across the hall, came the Sage of the dark [Ossiani.
brow and lowering mien—who cried to the
Man of Power, and said—“Cursed are your
ways, but I will rule over you, and all your
Strength!” The Man of Power trembled
and looked round—I will tyrannize over
thee—said the dark man—Damme, if I
don’t!

Vol. II.

H

PERGOLESI—THEATRICO.

O quam tristis & gravatus! [Wynnstay.
 Fuit *Eques*, is auratus!
 Semper flendum—
 Nil agendum—
 Quis est homo qui videret
 PRIVATE ACTING—non doleret?

ACT II.

DUNCAN'S KNELL.

Slender pipe—whose tone so mild, [*Pacchiorotti*.
 Boasts not power to wake—a child,
 Give that tender strain again!

SONG OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

A pretty set we surely are—and mighty finely jumbled,
 We're up and down, and bought and sold, now rais'd,
 and now are humbled.

But a *Voting*! We will go.

By all the sweet pleasures a lady may share, [*Scrimcerini*.
 By that soft trying *question*—no lady can bear,
 But that question I burn to have *ask'd*—I do swear.
 I doat on an Opera dearly!

SOLOMON'S SONG—PITTEINI.

1. I am not high-minded: I have no proud looks.

-
2. I do not exercise myself in great matters, which
are too high for me.
3. But I refrain mysoul, and keep it low, like as a child
that is weaned from its mother—yea, my
understanding is even as a weaned *Child*.
-

THE WORLD,
Jan. 20, 1787.

ANCIENT MUSIC.

No. V.—and last.

THE CONCERT.

SIR R. JEBB,

DIRECTOR.

SOLO.

HONOUR the Physician.

CHORUS.

The dead cannot praise thee,
Some fell by laudanum and some by steel——

[*Variorum.*

OPERA MUSIC.

And up he rose,
And doff'd his clothes,
And op'd the chamber door :
Let in a maid,
That out a maid
Departed——as before.

[*Chickenini.*

CHATSWORTH CHANT.

Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well, [Devo-
Where *virtue* is—these are MOST VIRTUOUS! [nina.

PITTIENI.

Teach me to love!——
Exact my own defects to scan;
What others are to feel——and prove myself a *man*.

SHIRLEY CANZONET.

There liv'd—in primo Georgii—they record,
A worthy member——no small fool——a Lord!
Who, tho' the House was up, delighted sat,
Heard, noted, answer'd——*printed* the debate.

ACT II.

RUTLAND AIR——*in the Possession of the Duke*.
Of gentle blood——part shed in Honour's cause,
While yet in Britain honour had applause,
Each parent came:——

BRUDENELLI.

I love to be *merry* sometimes——

SEMI-CHORUS of VIRGINS.

Come Night——so charming black,
When day is not!
Alack! alack! alack!
Thy promise is forgot :
For what see I?——no bliss I see——
Curs'd be thy stones, O wall! for thus deceiving me.

CHANSON——MESURIERI.

Je suis sorti,
De mon pays
Pour Jouer de——*Parlement.*

ANCIENT MUSIC.

THE CONCERT.

JOAH BATES,
DIRECTOR.

Ego et Rex meus.

Go, Rose! and burn the bellows——
You and I are honest fellows!

CHANCELLORINI.

He clothed himself with curses as with a raiment.

PRETTIMANO.

What sweets——can greater sweets disclose,
Than Treasury Sweets——beneath the ROSE?
When *Pitt* and I—together prattle,
What's sweeter than his harmless tattle?
In length and breadth what can surpass,
The Polar language of——*Dundas*?
——Why, sweeter still, and far than these
To me——betwixt ourselves——LAWN SLEEVES.

In the HANNAY COLLECTION.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way---
Even by ruling himself after my word.

DEAD VOTES——

In the ROBINSON COLLECTION.

They have mouths and speak not——eyes have
they, and see not——
And they that made them are like unto them——
And so are they who put their trust in them——

ACT II.

Two Voices.—BUTA and HAWKSBRO'.

In love should there meet a fond pair,
 Untutor'd by fashion or art,
 Whose passion is warm and sincere,
 And whose words are th' excess of the heart.

SEA SONG.

Blue, white, yellow for me;
 An Admiral is a strange-creature,
 For though you order him out to sea,
 Yet there—he'll boggle about the matter.
 'Tis not his beauty—that hurts his duty:
 But a vote at home, is a rope and a stone,
 That strangely contracts each warlike motion,
 And what is good steerage, compared to a *Peerage*,
 A proof that fair fighting is all a notion.

SWEET ECHO. [*one voice*—*Rochfordini*.]I am small—and of no reputation— [*Buckleini*.]

GRAND CHORUS.

In the COLLECTION of the DIRECTORS.

Hence, vain—deluding joys,
 The brood of folly without father bred!—

Up these good walls no learned lumber climbs,
But heartfelt music, moral rhymes.

In the COLLECTION of the POET.

That I have ta'en away your ANCIENT MUSIC,
It is most true—and strangely alter'd it;
The very head and front of my offending,
Hath this extent—no more.—*Rude I am in Speech.*

THE WORLD,
Jan. 27, 1787.

SONNET.

TO
THE MUSE.

CÆLESTIAL spirit! who do'st deign to shed
Thy mystic visions o'er my raptur'd soul,
And with thy tuneful numbers do'st control
The *horrid cares* which haunt my lonely bed;
Come!—fill my lab'ring breast with sacred fire;
Such fire as glow'd in PETRARCH's tender line,
When Love, and heav'nly LAURA's charms divine,
Claim'd the soft sorrows of his gentle Lyre.
—O grant my pray'r! and fair MELISSA's fame,
Shall rival LAURA's, in the roll of Time;—
Her virtues shall be known in ev'ry clime,
And Bards unborn shall quote her Poet's name!

Blest, who deserve the mead the MUSE can give,
For whom she favours *will* for ever live.

BENEDICT.

THE WORLD,
June 3, 1788.

SONNET.

TO

MELISSA'S LIPS.

DEAR balmy lips of her who holds my heart
In the soft bondage of a love sincere!——

Dear *balmy* lips! your cherub smiles impart
To your adorning suppliant's earnest pray'r.
Not the fresh rose-bud, charg'd with vernal dew,
Nor the warm crimson of the blushing morn,

Nor the gay blossoms of the summer thorn,
Are half so glowing, or so sweet as you!

Dear lips!——permit *my trembling lips* to press

Your ripen'd softness, in a tender kiss:

And, while my throbbing heart avows the bliss,
Will you——(dear lips!) the eager stranger's bless?

“Ah fond request!”——the beauteous owner cries,
“Cease, wayward youth!——whoever touches——
dies!”

BENEDICT.

THE WORLD,
Jan. 29, 1787.

SONNET.

THE
VALENTINE OF HOPELESS LOVE!

WAK'D by the breath of spring, in ev'ry vale
The latent primrose rears her sickly head;
The virgin snow-drop decks the verdant bed,
And vi'lets blue perfume the passing gale.
The tuneful linnet plumes her speckled wing,
The tender stock-dove coo's in every grove,
The soaring lark chaunts loud the song of love;—
All nature owns thy influence, *genial* spring!
All, all but me!—condemn'd by wayward fate
To bear Love's keenest arrow in my breast:
'Tis vain to wish—to hope, alas! too late—
No change of season gives my bosom rest!

A tear from thee is all the boon I crave,
To dew the wither'd sod that marks my grave!

BENEDICT.

THE WORLD.
Feb. 14, 1787.

SONNET.

MELISSA'S RETIREMENT.

AH me! why heaves my breast with frequent
sighs?

What chills my heart with such unusual fear?

Why flow the tears, unbidden, from my eyes?—

Why sink my wearied spirits in despair?

The fatal cause, alas! I know too well!

Far from my arms you, cruel! mean to go:

Hence flows my grief, and hence my sorrows flow:

But,—can I live to hear you say “farewell!”

Yes, I shall live, to grief a wretched prey—

For, when your presence cheers the calm retreat,

My moans the widow'd dove will oft repeat,

And ev'ry gale will sighs of *mine* convey!

Then go!—But think of him who, sad,—forlorn—

Here pines and sickens for your dear return!

BENEDICT.

THE WORLD,
March 17, 1787.

SONNET.

TO

MAY.

IN vain, soft May, thy fragrant flowers blow;
In vain, thy feather'd minstrels pour the strain
Of praise and love.—I wretched, still remain
The child of sorrow, and the prey of woe!
The *faint* Narcissus, and the musky rose,
I've often woo'd to my delighted breast;
The primrose, and the vi'let too, I chose,
And in one nosegay all their sweets compress'd.
The lark's wild hymn, the linnet's artless lay;
Oft "tun'd to ecstasy" my youthful heart;—
But now!—thy blossoms, and thy birds, soft May,
To this sad breast no rapture can impart!

MELISSA's frowns, thy gentle pow'r control,
And spread the clouds of Winter o'er my soul.

THE WORLD,
May 11, 1787.

SONNET.

TO

MELISSA.

WHENE'ER thy Angel-form salutes my eye,
What tender spasms convulse my beating heart!
My trembling limbs but small support impart;
My aching bosom heaves the deep-drawn sigh!
A wild confusion overwhelms my brain——
My fault'ring tongue cleaves to the parching roof,
My spirits fail!—ah, melancholy proof
How well thou'rt lov'd!—tho' lov'd, alas! in vain!
——Impell'd by sorrow, should my lovely Maid
Bend her slow footsteps to the silent spot,
Where this distracted head shall soon be laid
In Death's chill clasp, by all——but her——forgot!
Oh! let her bid my wand'ring Spirit rest,
And the green sod lie lightly on my Breast!

BENEDICT.

SONNET.

TO
MELISSA.

THROUGH all the woes which destiny severe,
Has doom'd this wretched bosom to sustain,
One tender thought still moderates its pain,
And saves my lab'ring mind from dire despair!
——When far from thee, by hopeless sorrow led,
O'er stormy seas, and foreign lands thy love shall stray;
Tho' urg'd by want to ask precarious bread,
One tender thought shall cheer the toilsome way!
And when, at last, worn out by ceaseless care,
I seek lone Melancholy's quiet cell,
For THEE I'll earnest breathe my latest pray'r,
On thee my latest thought shall fondly dwell!
'Till the last sigh, shall from my lips depart,
I'll keep *the dear idea* cherish'd in my heart!

BENEDICT.

THE WORLD,
June 5, 1787.

SONNET.

THE
INVITATION.

COME, dear Melissa, come! where **Craia* pours
Her silver urn in murm'ring lapse serene,
Near *Bexley's* humble fane, where ev'ry green
Shall join their foliage to refresh thy bow'rs.
Oft by the winding stream thy love shall stray,
To lure, with harmless guile, the finny race;
Oft too, at eve, the dewy meads he'll trace,
And offer, at thy board, the speckled prey.
Pity, I know, thy gentle breast will move,
For the dumb children of the teeming flood;
—But they are form'd for man's delight and good
By Providence divine, and heav'nly love.

My angel, come! while summer cheers the plain,
And corn flow'rs blow, and am'rous doves complain.

* A Brook in Kent.

THE WORLD,
July 25, 1787.

Vol. II.

I

SONNET.

MELISSA!

HER dark-brown tresses negligently flow
In curls luxuriant, to her bending waist ;
Her *darker* brows, in perfect order plac'd,
Guard her bright eyes, that mildly beam below.
The Roman elegance her nose displays——
Her cheeks—soft blushing, emulate the rose,
Her witching smiles, the orient pearls disclose :
And o'er her lips, the dew of Hybla strays.
Her lib'ral mind, the gentler virtues own ;
Her chasten'd wit, instructive lore impart ;
Her lovely breast is soft Compassion's throne,
And Honor's temple is her glowing heart.

But I, like Patriarch Moses, praise and bless,
The Canaan which I never shall possess!

BENEDICT.

THE WORLD,
May 18, 1787.

SONNET.

TO THE
RIVER USK, IN MONMOUTHSHIRE.

OH ! stream belov'd ! within whose gelid caves,
The Naiads sport the fervid noontide hour !
What bliss was mine, when in my native bow'r,
I sung my simple sonnet to thy waves !
Thy rocks romantic, and thy woods sublime,
Where erst the Druid watch'd the sacred oak,
And the rapt bard his lyre prophetic struck,
Fill'd the rough cadence of my artless rhyme.
When vernal suns dissolv'd the mountain snow,
And all the Nymphs were frighted from thy shore,
I lov'd to see thy flood, majestic flow,
And hear thy bold resistless current roar.

But now !——far from thy banks, I hapless rove,
The slave of fair MELISSA and of love !

BENEDICT.

THE WORLD,
May 25, 1787.

SONNET.

TO
GENERAL ELLIOT,

ON HIS
ARRIVAL FROM GIBRALTAR.

THOUGH *Gratitude* no arch triumphal rears
To grace the laurel'd HERO's late return ;
And tho' no blazing trophies vainly burn,
Or mob tumultuous at thy car appears,
Yet shall thy name, and martial deeds be read,
While CALPE's rock defies the sea and wind !
THY NAME !——the admiration of mankind,
The Briton's pride, and swarthy Spaniards dread !
Trust to the heav'nly Muse thy well earn'd fame :
Hark !——lovely SEWARD strikes th' Horatian lyre,
On Trenta's banks, with more than Roman fire,
And gives to endless Time thy GLORIOUS NAME !
ELLIOT ! accept *this* verse——and *it* will be
Immortal too, because address'd to THEE.

BENEDICT.

THE WORLD,
June 30, 1787.

THE
LAMENTATION PARLIAMENTARY;

A
BATH-EASTON ECLOGUE.

Fortunati ambo ! Si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet aëvo !

VIRGIL.

DULL was the morn—for clouds of gathering fogs
Hung round the land whence issued *Bladud's Bogs*,
Sad at his seat *Bath-Easton's Hero* mourn'd
O'er Speeches slander'd, and on Fame o'erturn'd.
That **sprightly Vase*, which times long past o'erflow'd,
With riddle, rebus, sonnet, and with ode—
That *sprightly vase*—now lay without its head,
Its sides all mended with its master's lead :

* *That sprightly Vase*]—formerly intended to hold the productions of the Bath-Easton Society—while there were any talents in the house. Since that period, a great change has taken place.

Spread o'er his desk, and just within his reach,
 Lay the loose fragments of his last sad speech :
Written it lay—for none would hear it spoke—
 Tho' since the butt of many an idle joke :
 When *Tom*—the latchet of the door untwirl'd,
 And brought in, wet—that direful print—*The*
 WORLD!

Half-froze with fear—but more inflam'd with rage,
 SIR JOHN, with transport, snatch'd the dreaded page ;
 But ere of the *first sheet* he turn'd the corner,
 His valet usher'd in—SIR GREGORY TURNER !

Blest pair! by Nature form'd, for wisest ends,
 To satisfy yourselves, and tire your friends!
 Your kindred souls such salutations greet,
 As when two loving dapples in the street,
 In some dark lane or alley, spy a brother,
 And kick, and snort, and bray, at one another.
 Both strove—with all the rage of speaking curst,
 Both strove to speak, and both would speak the first.
Sir Greg. being visitor—*Sir John* gave way ;
 And thus the Baronet was heard to bray :

Sir G. TURNER.

Woe wait the week, *Sir John*, and curs'd the hour,
 When harmless *Gentlemen* felt Satire's power,
 When rais'd from insignificance and sloth,
The WORLD began to ridicule us both !

That *direful Print*, which we must buy each day,
 † “By way of knowing”——“what the dogs will
 say;”

That *direful Print*, by which my hopes are crost,
 And *six dear half-pence* every day are lost!

Sir JOHN MILLER.

Talk not to me of *half-pence*, cried *Sir John*——
 Look at my pomp and consequence all gone!
 No more at balls——all-simpering can I sit,
 Allow'd by men to have a little wit:
 No more at *Pump-rooms* will the ladies stand
 Anxious to have a lover——from my hand.
 No more can I indulge a Member's chat,
 And say——*our House does this—our House does that!*
 No more my favorite speeches can I quote,
 Or tell the ladies how we speak and vote;
 Paint the poor services I've done the State——
 Or give a sketch how *I* and *Fox* debate.
 All, all are gone——for ever——at a souse!
I, Fox, Speech, Covers, CHIT-CHAT, and our HOUSE!

Sir G. TURNER.

True, true, *Sir John!* nor longer can *I* sit,
 With note that waits the *better Notes* of *PITT*.

† Vide a similar wish in another Baronet——*Sir Fretful Plagiary,*
 in *The CRITIC*.

—For tho' to no man's cloth I cut my coat,
 And still shall † *watch him*—with—a *constant vote*,
 Yet I *purtest*—the Minister's so clever—
 I think I must have utter'd—*aye* for ever!
 Then think, had this *curs'd* WORLD not seen the light,
 What might have been *Sir Gregory's* happier plight;
 Had not a *yearly thousand* waited call,
 Like *WRONGHEAD's Knight*—“ ‘till something better
 fall—”
 Some *cheaper seat* than *THIRSK* had been my lot,
 —And—*penny sav'd*—*SIR JOHN*—*is penny got!*

Sir JOHN.

I feel your griefs—but what are they to mine?
 Mine are *lost fame*; and yours is—*loss of Coin*.
 View my chang'd state—a skeleton—a lath!
 The very ghost of what I was—at Bath!
 And as I glide all melancholy on,
 Each chairman whispers—*Arrah! there's Sir John!*
 While every passing gale thro' all the streets
 In gentle murmurs—*Poor Sir John*—repeats!
 And the old *Post-woman*, in notes yet shriller,
 Squeaks—*eigh, eigh, here's our Friend, poor SIR JOHN*
 MILLER!

† The *watching*—the *voting*—and *purtesting*, are all parliamentary words, the sole property of *SIR GREGORY*.

Such woes as these make Baronets a blank,
I blush to see my name upon a Frank.

Sir G. TURNER.

Woes such as your's, indeed, might suit a Lord;
But come and hide them at my frugal board.
Though some cheap shop supply my usual treat,
To-day in luxury we give to eat.
My LADY TURNER has a nice ox-cheek,
And tho' 'tis odd, we *both agree* this week.
Small beer, our usual liquor while we dine,
In gayer mood to-day, we will decline,
And know th' indulgence of *one glass of wine*.
SIR JOHN agreed; the Baronets together,
Both issued forth, in spite of wind and weather.
Wisely to save his coat, SIR GREGORY spread,
A *second-hand Umbrella* o'er his head;
Then journeying on, in converse on the way,
They fix'd what each in Parliament should say.
And as one genius should support a brother,
Whatever one should speak, so should the other;
And that such speech, howe'er sublime and great,
Though all *must* hear, no creature should *repeat*!

THE
AFRICAN BOY.

AH, tell me, *little mournful Moor*,
Why still you linger on the shore?
Haste to your play-mates, haste away,
Nor loiter here with fond delay:
When Morn unveil'd her radiant eye,
You hail'd me as I wander'd by;
Returning at th' approach of Eve,
Your meek salute I still receive.

" *Benign Enquirer*, thou shalt know
Why here my lonesome moments flow:
'Tis said thy Countrymen (no more
Like rav'ning sharks that haunt the shore)
Return to bless, to raise, to cheer,
And pay *Compassion's long arrear*.

'Tis said the num'rous Captive Train,
Late bound by the degrading Chain,
Triumphant come, with swelling sails,
'Mid smiling skies, and western gales;

They come with festive heart and glee,
Their hands unshackled—minds as free;
They come at Mercy's great command,
To repossess their native land.

The gales that o'er the Ocean stray,
And chace the waves in gentle play,
Methinks they whisper as they fly,
JUELLEN soon will meet thine eye!
'Tis this that soothes her little Son,
Blends all his wishes into one:
Ah! were I clasp'd in her embrace,
I wou'd forgive her past disgrace:
Forgive the memorable hour
She fell a prey to tyrant pow'r;
Forgive her lost, distracted air,
Her sorrowing voice, her kneeling pray'r;
The suppliant tears that gall'd her cheek,
And last, her agonizing shriek.
Lock'd in her hair, a ruthless hand
Trail'd her along the flinty strand;
A ruffian train, with clamours rude,
The impious spectacle pursu'd:
Still as she mov'd, in accents wild
She cried aloud, *My child! my child!*
The lofty bark she now ascends;
With screams of woe, the air she rends:

The vessel less'ning from the shore,
Her piteous wails I heard no more ;
Now as I stretch'd my last survey,
Her distant form dissolv'd away.

That day is past : I cease to mourn——
Succeeding joy shall have its turn,
Beside the hoarse-resounding deep,
A pleasing anxious watch I keep :
For when the morning clouds shall break,
And darts of day the darkness streak,
Perchance along the glitt'ring main,
(Oh, may this hope not throb in vain)
To meet these long-desiring eyes,
JUELLEN and the Sun may rise.

THE BARD.

THE WORLD,
May 15, 1788.

ODE

TO
PRUDENCE.

WHERE didst thou hide thee, CAUTIOUS POW'R!
When first my vent'rous Youth began?
Thou cam'st not to the festive bow'r,
Nor at the genial board wer't found;
And when the liquid grape went round,
Thou never show'dst thy warning face,
The wantonness of mirth to chase,
And tell of short *life's shad'wy span*;
Nor e'er didst prophesy of woe,
To chill my breast's impetuous glow;
But provident, and shrewd, from me afar,
THOU SUNK'ST TO SOBER REST, WITH DAY'S RE-
TIRING STAR!

'Tis true, indeed, I thought with scorn,
Thy miserable maxims quaint,
Were but of sour Suspicion born:

" Let selfish souls," I madly cried,
 " Submit to such a coward guide,
 " Be't mine to seek the sportive vale,
 " With Friends, whose truth can never fail,
 " And banish thence each base restraint!"
 Dull that I was—I feel it now,
 And offer late th' imploring vow :
 Too well convinc'd, who dare thy vengeance urge,
 Can ne'er, alas! escape an agonizing scourge!
 Ah! wilt thou, deign then, to receive
 Thy Foe, profess'd for many a year?
 And wilt thou teach him, *not to grieve?*
 Forget the weakness of past time,
 When frantic Passion was his crime;
 When to imperious charms a prey,
 His Morn of Life stole swift away,
 Yet gemm'd by Love's delicious Tear,
 That bath'd his Bosom with delight;
 Tho' oft upon the *Gales of Night*,
 He heard thy whisper'd threat aspire,
 How could he heed it then—was not his heart on
 fire?

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But now to gain thy frugal smile,
 Each wonted transport I forego,
 No more shall Beauty's self beguile,
 Altho' her blue Orbs softer stream
 Than the clear Moon's enchanting beam;

Tho' her still varying charms arise,
As to the hast'ning Trav'lers eyes,

HELVETIA'S summer prospects show :
Or should MEEK WORTH to me repair,
And tell a Tale of deep Despair,
Yet will I bid each fond emotion sleep,
Yes, I will turn away !—BUT I WILL TURN TO WEEP !

Then, as with decent step and mien,

I tread the path of fair repute,
Thy Civic hand shall oft be seen,
To freight me with the sordid Ore,
Which most thy Votaries adore.

Then, then shall FLAGGING FANCY die,
Then all my lov'd illusions fly,

Then will I break my rustic Flute :
And as the marble-hearted crowd,
Be vainly rich and meanly proud ;
Until I fix, *like yonder blighted Thorn*,
That, deck'd WITH GOLDEN BEAMS, NO VERNAL
SWEETS ADORN.

EDWIN.

THE WORLD,
June 11, 1788.

The first thing I noticed
as I stepped out of the car
was the smell of the sea.
It was a strange, salty
smell that I had never
before. I had been told
that the air in this
place was different, but
I didn't know it would
be so strong.

I had heard that the
climate was perfect, but
I didn't realize it would
be so hot. The sun was
burning, and the sand
was scorching. I had
heard that the people
were friendly, but I
didn't know they would
be so warm. I had
heard that the food was
delicious, but I didn't
know it would be so
good. I had heard that
the music was great, but
I didn't know it would
be so loud. I had heard
that the drinks were
cheap, but I didn't know
they would be so strong.

I had heard that the
beaches were beautiful, but
I didn't know they would
be so crowded. I had
heard that the hotels were
nice, but I didn't know
they would be so expensive.
I had heard that the
cars were fast, but I
didn't know they would
be so slow. I had heard
that the roads were good,
but I didn't know they
would be so bad. I had
heard that the people were
friendly, but I didn't
know they would be so
warm.

LADY T—RC——L's RING.

There is a gentleman about town, not a little remarkable for his talent at extempore verse. Not many weeks ago, he was requested by Lady T--rc——l to give her a proof of it. The subject she chose, was the Ring on her finger: after a moment's pause, he repeated the following Stanza, the neatness of which has not an equal :

YOUR husband gave to you a Ring,
Set round with Jewels rare :
You gave to him a better thing——
——A Ring set round with Hair.

THE WORLD,
May 8, 1788.

THE END.

N. B. IT is the Publisher's intention to transmit to Posterity all the POETRY which shall hereafter appear in the WORLD, printed uniformly with the present elegant Work, so often as sufficient shall have appeared to complete one Volume, in continuation of the above. The choice PROSE PART of the same Paper, will be preserved in the same manner. Correspondents, of talents, therefore, will have the gratification of finding their favors elegantly and respectably preserved.

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